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A

P O E M

TO THE

CHARMING FAIR ONE.

I.

How far of old (as Fame records)
 Did English Arms advance ?
 Whilst *Brittain's* Kings, and *Brittish* Swords
 Enslav'd the vanquish'd *France*.

II.

But in one Conquering Ladyes Eyes
 Heav'n joyns so many Charms ;
 She all their want of Pow'r supplies
 T'avenge their weaker Arm.

III.

By this one Beauty of their Land,
 They their lost Fame renew :
 Where the French Thunder's at a stand,
 Their Lightning does subdue.

IV.

Not *Venus* drawn by her own Doves
 Her Warlike God to meet,
 In so much splendid Triumph moves,
 Nor bears a state so Great.

V.

What Princes would not to possess
 This glorious prize conspire,
 Though like the beauteous Dame of *Greece*,
 She sets their *Troy* on Fire.

VI.

Yet in her pomp this wretched Fair
 Is despicably vain ;
 A shrine so bright without, did ne're
 Inclose a soul so mean.

VII.

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VII.

Rich in her self, yet as in Mines,
Like slaves she toyls for Oar,
Poorly and fervilely she pines
T'exhaust the Royall store.

VIII.

For Her their pearl, the Fruitfull Seas
(Those Globes of brightness) mould ;
To her the Earth her Tribute pays,
And teems with fatall Gold.

IX.

Thus Natures Treasuries unlock,
This Idoll to adorn :
And from the glittering Diamond-Rock,
The crufted Jems are torn.

X.

With golden Rays thus round her head
She spreads Loves wanton Nets :
Sleeps like the Sun in's Western bed ;
In her own Indies sets.

XI.

Be frankly kinde, and pay Loves Debt !
Think thou' hast a King infnared :
The Glory of a prize so great,
Does bring its own Reward.

XII.

The Thunderer wooed but once in Gold,
His meanest shape could win,
For still his humbled Dress did hold
The Darling God within.

XIII.

For shame let no false Jems be worn,
Be perfectly Divine ;
True Pride all borrow'd Plumes should scorn
And by'ts own Lustre shine.

F I N I S.